

The Omen's *Second Coming*



THE OMEN

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EDITORS

Jonathan Land.....Managing Editor
Benjamin Sanders.....Production Editor
David Wilcox.....Graphics Editor
Scarlette Hook.....Entertainment Editor
Deniz Ellberger.....Music Editor
Kelly Taylor.....Arts Editor
Stephanie Cole.....Section Hate Editor
Todd Haiken.....News Editor

CONTRIBUTORS

None this week, skippy.
Thanks alot you fuckers.

Policy Box!

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to stand by whatever you said. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not okay in the forum and will not be printed.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (our news, our opinions, our artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307) Jonathan Land (E-311) or Dave Wilcox (Mod 56, take a walk to Enfield, you bastards). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY macintosh), although hard copy (on paper) is okay too. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 250 times. What better way to be heard?



Jon? Offensive? No Way!

Well, well, well. Hello boys and girls in TV land, and welcome to the first issue of the new and improved Omen (maybe not yet, but soon enough). First of all, I would like to thank Stephanie Cole for so willingly handing over the reigns to me, and Scott Tundermann for providing a "smooth transition". The new Omen Lyte will be twice the fun with only a third of the same self-serving headlines as before. But enough with the formality crap, here's my editorial/commentary: Lately I've had many thoughts on the topic of offensiveness, due to my general warped sense of humor being called to my attention recently. To me, the term offensive is relative just like art appreciation, and taste in literature. People who tend to have open minds tend to accept a majority of things much more easily than those of closed mind. Just as art wouldn't exist if there wasn't the notion of expanding on lines, visual structure, positive/negative space, color, etc. offensiveness wouldn't exist if people didn't attempt to push the boundaries of language and thought. I think this would be tragic. So why do people think 1) being offensive is inherently bad and 2) thing of an offensive nature should be censored? O.K., From what I under-

stand, most people think that something is offensive because it's degrading and/or harmful towards the person, or group of people it's being said against. Following from this, why don't you think of the most offensive thing someone could say about you. For starters, I've had a gun pulled on me once. So do I get offended someone makes a gun, or hold-up reference? No, but let's say I did get offended by someone joking around about holding up a cashier in a store. Does that necessarily mean that I can't see the humor in the joke (taking into consideration I would only laugh anyway if it was a good joke)? Only if I had some problem dealing with the situation. Let's say that the joke was told the day after it happened. I probably would find it less humorous. Believe it or not, I probably wouldn't laugh at all, but I do believe that the maker of the comment had the right to say it. I'm sure I would be temporarily uncomfortable, and hopefully it would pass. I know this old adage is a bit cliché by now but: shit happens. Given the unwritten laws of human nature it's probably safe to say that most human beings have had at least one thing (most likely several, some people more than others, but I'm playing on the logically safe side of the fence right now) tragic, or at

least unpleasant or bad happen to them in their life. Hence, everybody has one or more topics that they could be touchy about. If you take into account the probability that you are saying addressing a more-likely morally-controversial topic to a person who has been affected by that particular topic, you'll realize that, in theory, it is relatively low. Unfortunately, it's a popular perception that this ratio is really much higher. So, people avoid tackling more controversial topics, in fear of the off chance this might effect someone. How could anyone with an open mind accept this? Ideally, shouldn't people be able to talk about any given topic rationally? I'm afraid that most people don't have the maturity to handle such logic. The Omen will be the testing ground, and an open forum to support these opinions, and in some cases, facts. On that note, I'd like to ask for submissions for those brave souls who would like to take part in the festivities. This week's model will be a little shy on material due to two days' loss of production time, but you can help us with that in the future. Please send all written submissions to either Ben Sanders at box 710 or myself at box 527, and all graphic submission to Dave Wilcox at box 865.

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"Hey Chuck, they illin', we chillin'!"

-Flavor Flav

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your new production

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Entertainment Section

Deniz With a Whole Lotta Hole

HOLE Madder Rose
Toad's Place, New Haven CT
8 October 1994

Exactly six months to the day Courtney Love and the rest of the world learned of her husband's suicide, I went to see Love's band Hole play an all-ages show at Toad's Place in New Haven Connecticut. You could tell it was an all-ages crowd right away just standing in line—all of these 12-year-old grungies trying to look 30, their hair dyed every colour of the rainbow, cavorting around and making little Kurt shrines on the ground with leaves and twigs (no, really, they were)...hell, there were some kids there with their moms, it was just so weird. At 19, it felt strange to be one of the oldest people there. But this is the new legion of fans that commercial success and psycho press has brought to her, I guess.

Opening band Madder Rose were all good and sweet and wonderful as always—Mary's voice is just so damned pretty I

couldn't help but let out a happy sigh at the end of each song.

It's rather a pity that the audience did not take to them better though. It was bad enough that the kids were relentlessly shouting "Courtney! Courtney!" between every song, but to see them moshing and body-surfing to such sweet pop gems as "Swim" and "Panic On"



Courtney Love of Hole

was just ridiculous. But hey, I really wasn't expecting anything different. They were here to see Courtney. Hell, I was there to see Courtney.

After a long delay in-between sets (during which the hordes of teenybopper girls up front went gaga as roadies brought out boxes

of toy dolls to strew around the stage), Courtney finally made her grand entrance to the deafening curl of little girl screams and little boy hoots and hollers. The rest of the band came strolling out on stage

as well, but it was on Courtney that
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Jon Winds It Up

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All three boxes will be accepting photographs for the upcoming See the Professors Naked contest at the end of next month.

Thank you.

Jonathan "Ace" Land
(Barely) Managing Editor
The Hampshire Omen

More on Courtney Love's Hole

all eyes were affixed. Little black slip thing over a white top, tattered black stockings, black boots, a small red flower in her hair and a larger one hanging out of her chest, bright red lipstick...it could be said that she looked a bit like a flamenco dancer, were it not for that stand-out tattered mop of ultra-blonde hair on her head. As the crowd continued to scream out their love and adoration for their bleach-ed goddess, the band roared right into the first song "Plump," off of their yet-to-be-fully-appreciated album *Live Through This*. As good as I was expecting this show to be, I was still nonetheless totally blown away by just how incredibly intense the whole thing was. Through song after song, from "Beautiful Son" right on through to "Fuckin' Violet" (oh man, NOBODY says "fuck" like Courtney does, just NOBODY), the energy and passion spilling out of Courtney's voice and guitar was almost too much to bear. When this woman plays and sings, she is pouring her heart out so damned much that it's like she's bleeding all over you. It's so amazingly beautiful and ugly all at once; I couldn't tell if I was being thrown into heaven or hell, or both simultaneously—and frankly I didn't care because I was enjoying the ride so much. It was sometimes hard to remember that this was a band that was performing, which is sort of unfair, because the other three players (new bassist Melissa Auf Der Maur, who is absolutely adorable, and of course Patti and Eric) are all flawless and accomplished players that have the talent and energy

(and patience) to back Courtney up. But it simply cannot be denied that Courtney is the driving force behind this band's brilliance—it's her songs, her pain, her persona that are the focus of it all. This is Courtney's show, from beginning to end.

Courtney's mood throughout the night seemed to switch back and forth between being pissed off and playful. Half the time she seemed to be cursing the audience out (at one point she even threatened to end the show and walk off-stage after her mike stand was knocked over), and the other half of the time she seemed to be joking around with them. It was almost like watching two halves of a split personality randomly take turns coming out. She was smoking cigarettes the entire show, I lost count of how many she went through over the course of the evening—she just kept lighting them up, another and another and another, sometimes even working away at one as she sang. I will never be able to figure out how she was able to inhale so much smoke and still sing and scream with such perfection. Anyway, also she kept rambling about how she had been "dissed"—she just kept using that word over and over again. She even changed the beginning lines of "Doll Parts" to "I am...a BITCH...you know...I am...a doll...I got dissed...really bad...". Lord only knows what she was talking about, if she was even talking about anything at all. Other highlights—Courtney getting on Eric's case for making what she called "NIN

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Mary of Madder Rose

noises" on his guitar ("don't think that makes you more of a man!") and the beforementioned teenybopper girls repeatedly begging Melissa to throw them dolls (which she sheepishly abridged to).

During the encore, the band played a cover of "Hungry Like the Wolf." Yes, the Duran Duran song. What made it all the more hilarious was the fact that most of the kids in the audience were toddlers when that song came out, they either barely remembered it or didn't even recognize it. Again, I felt rather old because I was actually able to sing along. Anyway, at the end of the last song of the encore, "Olympia," Courtney did what has become a nightly ritual for ending her shows—she threw herself into the crowd and basically let herself get torn to shreds by the overadoring audience. If there weren't security guards there to fish her back out from the depths of the

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Deniz Keeps on Rolling on Hole

madness, people probably would've started ripping off her arms and legs as souvenirs, I'm sure of it. As all of this was occurring, something pretty unbelievable happened, or at least something unexpected anyway—the security railing, the metal barricade holding the crowd back from the stage, just...GAVE. Which was just NOT a good thing to happen if you were standing in the area in-between the barrier and the stage and suddenly found that there was no longer an in-between to be standing in. It's not pleasant to have a hunk of metal railing fall down over you and have kids spilling out from all directions, ya know? The only way to escape total squishdom was to drag myself up onto the side of the stage, which I did. I was just standing up there, looking down in front of me, watching the hordes of security people desperately trying to hold the crowd back AND pull Courtney out at the same time...it was insanity, just pure insanity. They finally did get her out, and surprisingly, she still had most of her clothes on (at many other shows where she has pulled this same stunt she ends up emerging topless, or worse...). She hovered on the stage for a minute, pointing at her bare foot and whining that she lost her shoe (well hun, what did you expect to happen when you jumped in there? jeez!), and then just gave up and stumbled off the stage. End of show.

I had an after-show pass, but because of the dumbass policy of the venue that no-one under 21 could be on the premises after hours no matter what the circum-

stances were (pass or no pass, they didn't care), I and a few other people who were SUPPOSED to go backstage ended up getting kicked out by the stupid security

guards. I did get to say hi to Eric and talk to Melissa and Patti about how the security guards were

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I'm Ben And I Don't Like People Very Much

I'm sure Jon has covered this already, but once again (or maybe for the first time) I'd like to welcome you to the all new Omen. Actually, I guess we're not all that new. In fact, I think that I'm the only thing about this paper that really is new. Or something like that. And I guess Scott not being here is new, but that somehow ties into me being here.

Anyway, I'm the new production editor, which basically means that I get to read the paper a few days before the rest of Hampshire. And that I have to spend a few hours a week in front of Pagemaker putting the damn thing together. But anyway, that's my problem, not yours so I'll just shut up for a while...about that, anyway.

So what the hell do I have to say about the new Omen? I don't actually have much, except that we ain't all that new, and that we're pissed. At least I am. Pissed at who? Pretty much the whole world, with a few exceptions. And don't get your hopes up. The odds are against you being one of those exceptions.

So, by the end of the year, most likely, you'll all be just as pissed as us as we are at you, which

is exactly what I want. I'd like to think the rest of the staff agrees, but I can't really speak for them.

Of course, our whole goal in life is not just to piss people off. I happen to enjoy avoiding (most of) them a great deal too, but that's a different story, really. Although I'm damn good at it, if I do say so myself. But, I digress. A newspaper has almost nothing to do with being a hermit (so don't ask me why I'm doing this). One thing that a newspaper has a lot to do with is news, and while this may be a relatively news-free issue, with any luck future issues will actually contain some.

But hey, what the hell do I have to do with all of that, anyway? I just put the thing together, and I don't think I'm good enough to offend people with my layout. At least not yet.

So I'll just bring this to a close with a plea for submissions and general sympathy. If you have anything to contribute get in touch with me (Ben) at x4550 or Jon x5236. That's about it for me.

Helq us out, folks.

Ben "Scud" Sanders
Production Editor

SECTION HATE

Own Up, MotherFucker!

It's section Hate and make no mistake it's a wedge of ire and a carton of spite this week because I am making a run-on all for the purpose of winding up to verbally deck the person who smashed in my car in the Dakin lot and didn't leave a repentant note for the monetary settlement of damages incurred thereof, but merely blithely drove away in a spree of crushed '79 Pontiac Catalina. Situation. And curse.

So, to the crack-head who trashed my car beyond my fiscal powers of repair...we're taking it from the nose down, today, and anything nasty that I can cull from famous practitioners of Hate from the past is about to be linguistically delivered unto your gruel-shitting, puling little self. I'm pissed, asshole, and I'm calling in the back-up to help me out with this one. So sit and spin, pudwacker, enjoy your fireworks, and let Dante take you for a ride through a Hampshire Hell crafted specially for you.

Level 1: This is where little demons from the Children's Center get to pluck out all your bodily hair with red-hot tweezers. You can scream, you can cry, you can flash your Hair Club For Men membership card, but you're just going to wind up bald and blistered, mauled and mutilated by a passle of screaming toddlers. Bearing in mind that this is only the prelude to the festivities, I

would like to mention that the combination of the searing heat of the tweezers, and the absence of your bodily hair, turns you into a hyper-sensitive version of Yule Brenner. Plus, one of the little nippers just wet on you.

Level 2: Two acting Dukes of Hell—who look like Roberta, and that lady who works in Central Records (the mean one)—grab your stupid lying coward tongue, nail it down to a piece of plywood, and proceed to rub rough linen across it. When they're done, they consider pulling your tongue off, but decide that it's pulpy existence will add resonance to your screams.

Level 3: After a brief altercation that involves two heavenly members of Amnesty International (Deceased Chapter) trying to wrestle you out of the hands of your captors, you are put into a vat of vinegar after having been vigorously rubbed down with sandpaper (rough grade...otherwise, you might enjoy it, you sick punk), by some poor SAGA worker who's had to sub for a dick head who didn't show up. As a result, you smell like a salad, you have to listen to this grumpy work-study guy complain a lot, and people keep mailing you these crazy letters that tell you that they care. Feel free to flick the peeling bits of your skin on the ineffectual pieces of paper.

Level 4: You are forced to watch Intran. Eventually, you

(entirely against your will) memorize the entire first-year spiel that was recorded at the beginning of the year. You slowly start to go mad.

Level 5: Now that your skin has healed up slightly, you are taken to the depths of the Library, and wired into the Vax central computing unit. What was initially a mild case of babbling idiocy brought on by watching too much Intran is quickly converted to a full-blown case of schizophrenic stark-barmy psychosis, brought on by having to watch people MUDD on a perpetual level. It's...uh...pretty bad.

Level 6: YURT!

Level 7: You have to go to Financial Aid. At least you're not lonely anymore. This guy named Mogadishu sidles up to you...

Well, I hope someone rams your tail-end as bad as you slammed mine. Sounds kind of fun, actually. But you know what? Thirty-five hundred dollars worth of damage done without accountability is an ugly thing. I hope you die in excruciating amounts of pain, you irresponsible shit. Thanks.

Stephanie Cole
Section Hate Editor
Hampshire Omen

The Light at the End of the Hole

screwing us over, but really, there was nothing they could do, it was out of their control. Patti was just like, "man, that sucks, talk to Courtney." Easier said than done, my dear. I reluctantly joined the mass of rabid fans waiting outside her tourbus to see what could be done. She eventually did come crawling out, with—get this—Kennedy in tow. Yes, Kennedy, the MTV Alternative Nation VJ. Weird. As everyone pushed and fought their way to Courtney and shoved things in her face to sign and took flash pictures right in her face, I realised that there was no way I was going to get to talk to her, just no way. She was too swamped to be able to worry about anything but being able to breathe. The only way to even be able to get her attention at all was to bow down to everybody else's level and shove something in her face to sign. So, feeling desperate, I took off my passes and handed them over. I think I meekly said something like "Hi Courtney, I was supposed to be back there with you guys but they kicked me out 'coz I wasn't 21...", but I don't even think she heard me. She signed them, and said "thanks for coming", and looked at me, and...my god, her eyes. Those eyes, I will never forget them. They just looked so...tired, and...sad, and...I don't even know how to describe it, I just got hit by so many different emotions from that one quick gaze that I almost got knocked over. At that point I just felt so incredibly guilty for being a part of all the stupidity that I just looked at her and said "thank you, Courtney,"

and left it at that. I hung around in the crowd a bit longer, watching her deal with all of the rude and crude "fans" that engulfed her...man, I just do NOT envy her at ALL. I wouldn't be able to deal with that, I just couldn't. Kennedy came back after disappearing for a while, and Courtney's mood seemed to lighten up a bit. They started spontaneously singing MTV buzz clips together, much to our amusement. The last song they sang before leaving was "Head Like A Hole", which was just so unbelievably surreal, especially considering the (admittedly silly) rumours surrounding both of these women and his Trentness. But after this, it really was over, Courtney waved goodbye and retreated back into her tourbus. Everyone stood on the side of the street and waved as the entourage drove off, and...that was it. The end.

I'll stop rambling now, for your sanity and mine. I looked into her eyes. What more is there to say?

Thank you, Courtney. I

wish I could've said the same thing to Kurt.

—Deniz


NEXT WEEK:

***The HURT the YURT
EXTRAVAGANZA***

***We are accepting all
YURT BASHING
submissions.***

***(Actually, we'll take
anything...Pro or Con)***

**The Omen's
Production
Staff
would like to wish
Managing Editor
Jonathan Land
a
Happy Birthday**



*I got your Yurt
right here, pal!*